

PAIN, PRIVATION, Sickness and Physical Death constitute a great part of our conception of evil. But these things are not the greatest evils.

SIN AND SPIRITUAL DEATH are the greatest evils, and how often the permission of the lesser leads to escape from the greater!

WAR

CRY



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THE MISSION OF THE VULTURE! "SUDDENLY a large bird of grey, with a red neck growing out of a ruff of feathers, came swooping along, almost brushing my father's body with its wings; and then, circling up, it alighted on a point of rock, and turned its blood-red eye on its intended victim."—(See page 3.)

From Indian Bungalow to The Cross,

Via. ARMY SHELTER.

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

PERCY, you are the only boy out of eight that has started on the right way. Whatever you do don't go back on what you profess."

There was time for no more. The ship passenger was on board, the last bale of goods dropped into the ship's hold. The final words were being hurriedly, tearfully spoken, and with a warm "farewell" hand clasp the military gentleman, every inch a soldier, bade his grateful son a loving good-bye. And the gangway being drawn up, the Atlantic liner is loosened from her moorings amid a flutter of handkerchiefs, and the young man looks for the last time upon the country of his youth and second days.

It was not his native land, for far away under the burning suns of an eastern sky Percy was born.

His father was thirty-two years Major-General in the East Indian service, and while at Ahmedabad in Bombay Presidency, the little fair-haired Percy was added to the family flock. His memories of "India's Coral Strand" are not very distinct. He does not even remember

His Dusky-Faced Ayah

giving him the spirits to smother and keep the wee liddle quiet, though, no doubt, the appetite for strong drink was in some measure fostered, if not created, by the small doses administered by the Hindoo nurse. When her young charge was restless and troublesome from the heat and various childish ailments.

True it is that the appetite was there dormant, like a smothered fire, only waiting temptation's breath to fan it into a consuming flame.

Sent to England, away from India's trying climate at five, Percy was for the next few years confined to his grandmother's care.

These years and the succeeding ones were passed in careless contentment between books and amusement.

He prepared at a collegiate school for Cheltenham College, where all his brothers were educated, but a desire to go abroad was paramount in his mind.

His majority reached and Percy approached his father upon the subject.

"Well, my son, I do not wish you to go, but will not prevent you doing so. It will be an experience for you."

And the words of the Retired Indian Officer have been verified.

It was his own experience. "Oud I did not expect."

Said his son, sorrowfully, as we sat in the General Secretary's office at Headquarters.

Through the influence of a godly sister he had "the better part," and there is something pathetic in the reminder and charge of his father's parting words, when he says that all his eight sons think one like the only one on the Lord's side.

And Percy meant to keep that charge and miserably failed.

—100—

PART II.

PERCY SEEKS PASTURES NEW.

The "Cold Storage Fire."

Six or eight months in Toronto exhausted his money and for the first time in his life Percy found he must turn his attention to work of some description.

Chicago seemed inviting, so thither he proceeded.

He had a brother in that busy city, and soon got a position as assistant book-keeper in a large firm.

He became a teacher in Bohemian Sunday school and active worker in the Christian Endeavor.

For three years he had never "touched, tasted, or handled" that which stings.

Like a Serpent, and with like an adder.

The Mission of the Vulture.

SINNER.

That Strange Rush of Pain is Foretold that You May be Aroused to Make Your Escape from the Death that Never Dies.

BACKSLIDER.

God Remember You in Mercy when He Sends that Sharp Horror, that Fearful Thing, to Spar You Back to Your Deserted Post.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH writes as follows about his father:

"During a retreat, when closely pursued by Marshall Sout, about the year 1899, my father, then about thirty years of age, was a soldier in the Fifty-second Light Infantry. He had been slightly wounded in the chest, and though his wound was not considered fatal, it was painful and irritating. The army had suffered fearfully from exposure, famine, and

The Heavy Fatigues

of an active campaign. I well remember my father saying to me: 'John, you will never know what hunger is till you feel the two sides of your stomach grinding together.' In that campaign men, mad with hunger, fought like wolves over the half-decayed hoof of a bullock, and often, when one of these poor animals overcame with weakness and starvation, was staggering as if about to fall, the ready knife was applied to the throat, and the fainting soldiers, eagerly catching the blood in their hands, and hardly waiting for it to congeal, made it to take the place of food.

In this retreat the Fifty-second Regiment became—to use the American term—demoralized; and, while they staggered on, my father threw himself

Out of the Ranks,

under the shadow of a large rock, to die, he could not do so. Lying there he took from his inner pocket a hymn-book (which I have to-day with all the marks of its seventy years upon it), and began to read the hymn, in which is the verse,

'When in the solemn hour of death I am Thy just representative
Be thine the prayer of my last breath;
O Lord, remember me.'

It was when the physician ordered spirits during his illness of several days that Percy found the presence of the latent appetite made it easy to obey the doctor's instructions and the prescribed remedy palatable.

Secret backsliding soon gave place to open sin.

But though he participated in every form of dissipation he always felt a divine power followed him.

Whether in theatre, gambling hall or solitude, Percy tried to quench the Spirit's warnings and forget his once loved God.

When the elderly invalid gentleman, whose nurse and attendant he became after his own long illness, and his good wife strongly urged Percy to come back to God, their kind entreaties were disregarded—repelled, and like Pharaoh, he hardened his heart. It was

A Terrible Experience,

however, which really awakened him and was the means of his gradual return to the fold.

"I shall never forget the sight of the men deliberately throwing themselves into the flames. Oh, it was dreadful, indeed!"

That fire, during the Great Fair in which so many firemen lost their lives in the discharge of their duty and the account of which thrilled every reader with horror, was the scene of Percy's awakening.

The Cold Storage Building was a huge structure—eight inches and plaster, but blocked off by a narrow staircase. It went like a tinder box before the fury of the flames.

Some of the firemen dropped right into the flames, others clung tenaciously to life and only succeeded when they saw the building topple over and realized their inevitable doom, flung themselves into the fire to listen their awful death."

(Continued.)

OKANEGVILLE.—One soul. Captain left us for a much-needed rest. GADSDEN BRAYMAN.

"He must die—it seemed inevitable—though far from home, in a strange land. He was a Christian, and endeavored to prepare himself for the change. Suddenly a large bird of prey, with a red neck growing out of a ruffle of feathers, came swooping along, almost brushing my father's body with its wings, and then circling up, it alighted on the point of a rock and turned its blood-red eye on its intended victim.

"As my father saw that horrible thing watching and waiting to tear him in pieces even before life was extinct, it so filled him with horror and disgust, that he cried: 'I cannot endure this! It is too horrible. When I am unable to drive that fearful thing away it will be tearing my flesh. I cannot endure it! He rose to his feet and fell, then.

Crawled and Struggled Away,

till at length he crept into a poor hut found safety, and soon after joined his regiment. Though he was very, very ill after that frightful episode, he recovered, and died in 1871, at the remarkable age of ninety-four years."

It is very plain that God did remember him, and sent this sharp horror to arouse and hasten his effort to escape from death.

"Verily, however important the merciful lives of men may be, and ought to be, at times in our eyes, there have been as yet, to judge from floods and earthquakes, pestilence and storm, in the eyes of Him who made and lives as He. It is a strange fact; better for us, instead of shutting our eyes to it, because it interferes with our modern tenderness of pain, to ask honestly what it means."—Charles Kingsley.



RESCUE HOME.

"Safe Out of that Awful Place!—Oh, I'm so Glad!"

TWO OF OUR GIRLS have been enrolled soldiers of the S. A. God has been helping us to help others.

One morning a man came to the home and asked me if I could go right to his house—his wife wanted to see me. I went straight away and found that a poor girl had been sleeping in their woodshed for two weeks. My heart was touched, for I saw it was one of our girls. I had lost track of her. She had been led away by bad company. She was so willing to come home and stay as long as I wanted her to stay.

Poor girl, how she wept when she saw me! I put my arms around her and said: 'My poor, dear child, will you let me help you? She was so dirty and dispirited looking. Now she is doing nicely.

Recently a smart-looking young girl ran away from a house of ill-repute. She almost danced with joy when she felt she was safe within our walls.

She said, "Oh, I am so glad I have got out of that awful place! I will never go back any more! Then she prayed for God to save her."—Eugene B. Elery.

ADJUTANT HILTS desires to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$1 towards the rent of the Rescue Home, Toronto, from an unknown friend in Nepean, Man, and the same amount promised every month for a year.



The Lord's Legacy.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE TONGUE OF FIRE."

"PEACE" was the Saviour's legacy to His followers; PEACE to be imparted by the Comforter; PEACE which the world cannot give, and which passeth understanding.

He leaves no hint that this legacy was to be recalled before "the end of the world." Indeed, in both the Old Testament and the New, happiness is an essential part of religion; that kind of happiness which is called

"Joy in God"

through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The reigning of each joy in any human bosom clearly presupposes that the individual is satisfied of the reconciliation of God to him, notwithstanding his sins. Wherever this is doubtful, DISTRUST, FEAR, and GLOOM must ever accompany the contemplation of the Most High; and this gloom would not dwell on the most comely spirit.

HAPPINESS is to be a feature of religion to the last. That odious

Caricature of Christianity,

which offers to the view of the world a man with all the doctrines of the Gospel, but with no peace in his brow, disquiet in his eyes, and sourness in his bearing, has done infinite injustice to our benign religion, and infinite harm to those who never knew its worth.

NOW, as in the days of Solomon, "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." NOW, as in the days of David, she "puts gladness into the heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased." Now, as in the days of Paul, she gives "joy and peace in believing." Happiness is not a separable appendage of true piety; it is part of it, and an essential part: "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

Some would regard happiness as if it were to religion what a fine complexion is to the human countenance,—a great addition to its beauties, if present; but if not, no feature is wanting.

It is in the sacred writings, from first to last, it is regarded as a feature, which we cannot remove without both wounding and defacing. The kingdom of God is not only "righteousness," but "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

While that kingdom stands, this "joy in the Holy Ghost" will be the privilege of the children of God; and let no man stand between the humble believer of this our day, and the full light of his Redeemer's countenance. Let me take it for granted, that the work of God in the soul of men has degenerated; that the merciful Father no more gladdens the prodigal He accepts, by letting him know

He Loves Him;

that Jesus no longer says, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee," or that when a penitent is accepted as a son, the gracious Comforter does not now, as in the old time, hasten on His dove-like message to diffuse heavenly peace in another troubled bosom.

"SALVATIONIST," LABRADOR.

GRIGUET.—After spending many weary hours in the fog, too thick for us to make harbor, the pilot boarded us at last and brought us in safety. We've held our first meeting at Griguet F. Shore.

The friends kindly loaned us the Methodist Church for afternoon and night meetings. One soul in the town. Although there has been quite a revival here this past winter, yet there are quite a lot more in the fog, wandering hither and thither, not knowing how to make harbor.—Lieut. Marmel Barry.

FROM THE QUEEN CITY

To the World's Metropolis.

BRIEF NOTES, COMMENTS, AND SHORT ACCOUNTS OF SCENES, SIGHTS AND EVENTS IN CONNECTION WITH MAJOR READ'S RETURN TRIP TO THE OLD LAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE depot, N.Y. State, is the place of writing. I am lugged away in a corner patiently waiting for the through train to the United States metropolis. I must say the "Chippewa" is a dandy boat and a beautiful sailer. The short inke trip whetted my sea-faring appetite. It was a good surprise when on the Yonge street wharf kind friends volunteered to accompany me safe out of Canadian territory.

What a fine view we had of the Queenston Heights and the celebrated Brock monument! Then the short ride from Lewiston to Suspension Bridge so much resembled the latter part of the journey I had last year in going to the Conet.



What strange things happen on a train. I heard one young fellow say that the night before he had been

Pelted With Rocks.

He had secured a revolver and said he "let them have it and I'll give them some cold lead." Brave talk. Then a big, burly, fat man was toting glass after glass of whiskey down his poor throat, and worse feature of all, his darling, flaxen-haired, little girl cried out, "Daddy, give me glass whiskey," and the cruel parent slipped half a glass into her precious little mouth. Oh, the demon he is, to deliberately make his offering become a drunkard, for surely she will. Needless was my night on the train, and as day dawned we were punting along the shores of the beautiful Hudson River. It resembles British Columbia somewhat, without the high mountains.

At 11 a.m. we rolled into New York, and there was Staff-Captain Walton at the depot waiting. I was carried across the river on a ferry, along a streets into an elevated car, and soon dropped down outside the

Magnificent Memorial Building

and in quick time got inside on the platform of this big auditorium just as the Commander began his usual Tuesday noon meeting for business men. It was a most spirited affair. The bottom nicely filled and a good sprinkling in the first gallery. The Commander impressed all, and I shall not forget his talk on "Fate." A saved anarchist gave a beautiful testimony. Old faces were dotted about the hall. There was Edwin Connet, Eugene Crawford, Captain H. Taylor, Captain Lindsay, Staff-Captain Walton, and others, and before the 20th of August was gone I had seen almost every nook and cranny of the building, even up to the tower to take a look over great New York. I had a most profitable interview with both Mrs. Booth and the Commander, saw the busy clerks, watched the huge presses throwing off their precious papers, heard that they had taken in

\$60 at the trade stall in the main entrance to the Memorial Hall, had been interviewed, had gone out to Jersey City, supped with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Walton and visited Major Mrs. Cox. To-morrow I board the "New York."

What of Africa?

TALK OF THE HORRORS OF EGYPTIAN BONDAGE!

WANTED! Hearts and Brains on Fire with the Love of Christ.

THE INIQUITY AND HORRIBLE TRAFFIC OF SLAVERY has not been too plainly depicted by Captain H— who mentions the case of a slaver having a large cargo of human beings chained together, and says:

The master of the vessel, with more humanity than his fellows, permitted some of them to come on deck, but still

Chained Together.

for the benefit of the air, when they immediately commenced JUMPING OVERBOARD and in hand, and drowning in couples. He explains the cause of this circumstance by saying, "They were just brought from a situation between decks, and to which they knew they must return, where the scalding perspiration was running from one to the other, covered with filth, and men dying by their side, with, full in view living and dead bodies chained together, and the living, in addition to all their other torments, laboring under the most famishing thirst, being very few instances allowed more than a pint of water a day." He goes on to say: "I have now an officer on board, who, on examining one of

These Slave Vessels,

found not only living men chained to dead bodies, but the latter in a putrid state, and we have now a case, which, if true, is too horrible and disgusting to be described.

"The slave-deck was not more than THREE FEET SIX INCHES in height, and the human beings stowed or crammed as close as possible; many appeared very sickly. There was no way of getting into the slave-room but by the hatchway. I was told when they were all on deck to be counted that it was impossible for any of our people to go into the slave-room for a single minute. SO INTOLERABLE WAS THE STENCH. The color of these poor creatures was of a dark, squalid yellow, so different from the fine, glossy black of our liberated Africans and Kroomen. I was shown a man much bitten and bruised; it was done in

A Struggle at the Gratings

of their hatchway, for a mouthful of fresh air."

Talk of the horrors of the children of Israel beneath their Egyptian rulers, of their being driven to manufacture bricks without straw—of the sounds of their groans mingling with that of the lash of their cruel task-masters—were anything witnessed in Egypt more merciless or brutal than the above? No wonder the bells of freedom in the Northern States chimed loudly in unison with the wild shouts of joy in the South when the shackles fell from 3,000,000 slaves. But what of Africa, where the fetters and chains still wear to the bone the wrists and feet of prisoners beneath the lash and goad of the merciless slave-driver.

MANITOBA WEEKLY.—The desirability of securing sturdy settlers to develop the broad acres awaiting cultivation in the Northwest, and the manifold advantages to the settlers at first in being able to co-operate with each other, makes it impossible for Canada to draw any line as to the method, but to accept any and all settlers who display industry and thrift will promote the development of her resources.



GREAT FALLS, Pacific Province.

IN MEETING a corps many things come before one's mind, but the matter of most importance in salvation warfare is WHAT RESULTS were brought about.

I shall endeavor to state the facts.

CAPT. SMITH opened the corps with Lieut. Lincoln assisting, May, 1893. Everything was auspicious. Oxley and Jackson, two salvationists filled

With Zeal and Energy.

had been holding meetings in Salvation Army fashion in the Gospel Mission rooms.

The attendance was good and souls were saved.

Bro. Jagers, a man who had been very wicked, was SAVED IN THE JAIL, and when the Army was organized became a faithful member, attending every night after a hard day's work at the smelter.

THE NEW OFFICERS were received with open arms. Two of the Bowers' family, Owen and Clayton, were brought into the fold at this time and have worked in the Master's vineyard ever since. THE BOWERS FAMILY have been among the most active members from the outset. First of the family are with us now, and never stop at nothing they can do towards rescuing the lowest of God's children.

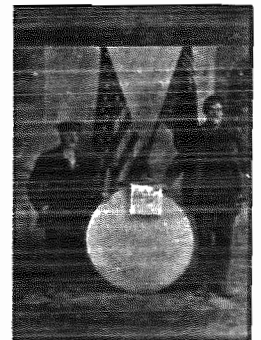
The present treasurer, Bro. Babington, has been in the fight from the first and has never wavered in his trust. Oille and Frank Younger were saved soon after the work was commenced and are still putting their

Shoulder to the Wheel

to help "roll the old chariot along." Others of the Younger family have come in during the last six months, so that there are four.

Our faithful "Hallelujah" Brother Manier, an ex-sailor, who had been all round the world, was brought to see his need of Christ at this time.

CAPTAIN CANDLE and Selgie followed Captain Smith, and the Lord blessed their labors here in many ways. Bro. McCleary, a terrible drunkard, was saved and works on fighting sin. A MORPHINE VICTIM was brought into the marvelous light of God out of the terrible darkness that his habits had brought upon



The Two Jims, Great Falls.

him. He was saved from a terrible life, and God's power to save to the uttermost was proven in him.

The corps had a serious set back in the unfaithfulness of two of its members at one time. The new officers, Capt. Hayes and Lieut. Davis,

felt the bad effect, but they held on bravely, notwithstanding the poor health of Capt. Hayes.

A change was made in Jan. 1895, and CAPT. and MRS. GILLITT took charge. There were about eighteen soldiers in the corps when they came.

Forty or More

have been saved during the last six months. Many have come and gone. Six soldiers have been saved in seven are on the recruit's list. Two slaves to drink have been freed from their bondage. One a man of fifty-seven, fights valiantly against the devil, the other a young man, once a terrible slave, works with holy love to win others to his Saviour.

TWO HUNDRED WAR CRYS were every week. Junior meetings are held every Sunday. The work is going on and God is with us. The soldiers show a good spirit, and are praying and believing for SUCCESS IN JESUS' NAME.

3 DAYS AT BUTTE, Montana.

("Better late than never."—Ed.)

WHEN Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Lester farewelled from Butte their numerous friends came in forre.

The numerous glistening eyes in the hall gave sympathetic feeling. Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Lester start for Spokane, haste and haste. "All ready! Lieut, where are you?" "Oh, here I am, Capt., dear, what is it?" and Lieut. crawls from behind that big banjo box of hers. (Mr. Editor, you must have remembered this together, I mean the Lieut. and her banjo box.) Off we start, baggage checked, and the signal given, "All aboard." Now the train is off, carrying these away whom we have learned to love for their great-hearted and self-sacrificing life.

After meeting we march down again to the depot. Here comes the train! All rush forward anxious to get a look at our new officers. Oh! here they come! Volley (some of the men standing) remarked "This is B. S. A. pay day" and off steps Capt. Brierly all the way from New Westminster, B.C. God bless you, Capt. You did look worn out that night. We soon had her feeling right at home.

Sunday Gudet Scott, from Great Falls came to help. How we did wait on the devil in the open-air was a caution! We rescued two souls that week.

The Captain announced a War Cry meeting for Saturday night. Every one was taken into the War Cry, reading, etc., and oh, what a meeting, and what a lambasting of the devil got!

West Ontario Province.

Since I wrote my last notes for the Cry I have left the domains of the C. O. P. and all my happy associations with the Headquarters officers, and am now busily at work assisting BRIMMIE WRIGHTS of the W. O. P.

We have received many letters of welcome from the officers of this province, and in return, I would say, I sincerely pray that God may make us both all the blessing and help we intend we should be.

Mrs. Turner has started off on a tour through the Chatham and Windsor districts. While I have had the opportunity of visiting in a week end at each of the following places: Bedford, Ingersoll and St. Thomas. I find that there are many good loyal spirits here in this part of the vineyard, still the fight is by no means the easiest.

At St. Thomas we had the joy of seeing two souls.

We are now full up with our ANNUAL MEETINGS, and we expect in connection with these meetings God is going to make them a great blessing to the entire province. —Adjutant Turner.

SLIPPED SOFTLY, GENTLY, SAFELY, INTO

THE GREAT SILENCE.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AGNES JONES,

Private Secretary to Mrs. Booth, Territorial Headquarters.

"IN A MOMENT PAYS GLAD LIFE'S
ARRANGERS OF PAIN, DARKNESS AND
COLD, AND SUDDEN THE
WOBST TURNS THE BEST."

The Last Service.

WITH OUR SORE SPIRITS STILL
QUIVERING, and our eyes hot with
tears shed for the loss of our com-
rade, Major Jewer, there falls yet
another crushing blow upon us at To-
ronto, until we feel as if our cup of
sorrow is too full almost to hold; and
the best and the bravest are snatched
from our side.

OUR GRIEF-STRICKEN COMMAND-
ANT conducted the whole of the ser-
vice, from the first solemn song in
the Jubilee Hall to the last amen at
the grave-side, though his voice was
broken with emotion, intense but sup-
pressed, while his eyelids were heavy
with nights of watching, and swollen
with weeping.

"While our hearts are TORN WITH-
IN US," groaned Colonel Holland, as
he knelt by the coffin, "while our
spirits are subdued with grief, oh,
Lord, grant that WE may examine
our souls, and know that we are
ready to answer the call when the
summons reaches us—when the pale
horse and his rider overtakes us!"

And DEATH AFTER ALL seemed
such a simple thing, as the Com-
mandant dwelt on the life and the
heart of the pure faithful spirit: that
has left us, whilst there before him,
outlined clear amongst the white
roses, were the delicate familiar fea-
tures, crowned with golden-brown
hair, of the noble talented girl who
has passed so suddenly and forever
from our midst.

"The Troubled Joy of Life."

ONLY EIGHT DAYS BEFORE Staff
Captain Jones was at work, that re-
fined face beaming with life and in-
telligence. On every hand there are
still the traces amongst us of the fair
and full of truth and simplicity, en-
dowed with musical power of so high
an order that it seems now, looking
back, as if an ethereal spirit from
the realms of the blest had sojourned
briefly in our land of sin and strife.

"Ah I have I am bringing to Thee."

And all that day, urged the
Commandant, as over again we re-
peated the pathetic notes of her fav-
orite chorals. (flow often her skillful
white fingers had made the piano
speak, as they rippled up and down
the keyboard.)

"Saved or unsaved, sing it, shimmer,
with nothing worth bringing, with
scarcely a friend in the world, maybe,
with nothing but the record of your
wretched past, sing it now. Sing-
singer only waiting to fill up the last
drop of the measure of God's wrath,
sing it."

Surely someone must answer that
important appeal to fill up the
piece left vacant.

"For This Through its Leaves Hath
the White Rose Burst."

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET and
those who then I thought I still
scented bright with a heaven of sun-
shine; the whole air fragrant with
blossom. Flowers, white flowers, in
profusion. Scented geranium sprays
of fern, bunches in the hands of the
sisters. And above the flag-draped
coffin—mutely preaching—beautiful
wreaths with interwoven ribbons
from "VICTOR," from "FERDINAND,"
but in the centre a snow-white harp
from Mrs. Booth, "FOR PHOEBUS
DAILING AGGIE." They were love's
last gift.

I could almost wish myself in her

place," said a lady who owns a big
bank-roll, "if I could only have the
love that is lavished on her." No
doubt this wistful conclusion was
shared by many another, heart-lung-
gry, in the midst of the solemnized
crowds who edged the sidewalks or

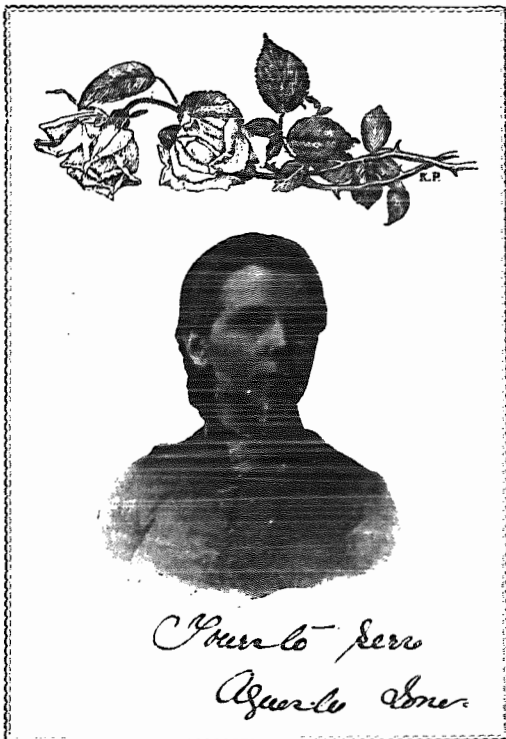
gazed half-magnetized from the street-
cars at the slow-stepping march.

And the gun-carriage moved on up
the hill followed closely by the Com-
mandant, bare-headed, the white
muffled drum before, with the boys
of the staff-band in their white uni-
forms. And her comrades accompan-
ied her the four miles, some in rigs
and some on foot, some half-halting,
and some with broken step.

-303-

"A Glean Reflected from the
Realms of Rest."

UP OUT OF THE MIST of the
city, up into a purer atmosphere,
beyond the weary Saturday throng,
still fretted with earthly strife, on



Her Latest Breath:—"Tell my comrades that I have
Jesus, and having Jesus I have all—HAVING
JESUS I HAVE ALL!"

MRS. BOOTH'S LETTER,

Read at the Graveside.

My Dear Commandant and Friends:

It is unnecessary for me to say
how stricken with anguish I am over
the sudden loss of my most devoted
comrade and armour-bearer, whose re-
mains we are to-day laying in the
grave.

I think it was the merciful hand of
my Heavenly Father, Who hid from
me till the last the sudden promotion
of one so intensely precious, lest the
contemplation should be too sad
for my heart to bear.

And now our dear gentle, loving
Jones is gone to wear the crown she
so faithfully won, and to see the face
of Him she so truly worshipped.

We must try to console ourselves
by the thought that perhaps the Bar-
bour wanted her for some even more
important mission of mercy; anyway,
SHE IS IN HEAVEN, and we must
hasten to meet her there.

What I especially desire to say, that
the years I have known and
worked with my precious sis-
ter comrade, I have never
had one moment's anxiety con-
cerning her true loyalty to God, the
flag, and her leader, while her self-
sacrificing, cheerful toil, has been
beautiful to behold. Truly her life
was a gloriously consecrated one.

She was faithful, yet gentle, fer-
vent but obedient, capacitated, yet
humble in spirit.

It is a real sorrow to me that I am
unable to be present at her grave to
witness to the beauty of the spirit
God has taken, while it yet hovered
about my heart and home.

But I shall see her again. We all
shall. Let us follow her CHRIST-
LIKE EXAMPLE and do what we can
to lead others to her Saviour.

Yours sorrowful, but TRUSTING ON.

CORNELIE BOOTH.

in spite of the drenching rain that
began to fall in torrents.

It ceased, however, and Mount
Pleasant Cemetery was nothing less
than a scene of lovely light, and col-
or, the glowing flowers, the shimmer-
ing willows, the dripping rain-drops
sparkling in the sun, the freshness,
the softness, under the free blue skies,
made the grave appear a place of
beauty.

Still led by the Commandant the
service continued, and testimonies
were given by those who knew our
comrade best in her daily walk
amongst us, in her life of faithful min-
istry, true and heroic, simple yet
profound, crowned with the charm of
consecrated womanhood.

Finally the accompanying beautiful
message from Mrs. Booth was read,
whilst every heart thrilled in sym-
pathy for the one in Canada upon
whom this mysterious blow falls most
heavily of all. God comfort Mrs.
Booth.

ONE LAST LOOK AT THOSE
YOUNG EYES CLOSED, the sweet
quiet face, then with streaming tears
and broken voices, with clasped
hands, we gather in nearer together
around her, as the frail form descends
from the light of day, a handful of
earth thrown down, but a soul of
faith mounts up, up to THE LIGHT
OF HEAVEN. Then back to the city.
For us—WORK.

DRIFTED INTO THE ETERNAL.

ATHENS. — Our beloved comrade,
MISS W. HAWKINS (CAPTAIN
BROUGHT), after intense suffering for
several months, has passed peacefully
away. She died as she lived, a faith-
ful soldier of the cross. Although her
sufferings were great, yet her great
testimony was always "JESUS
IS PRECIOUS."

We feel we can truthfully say in
her case that actions spoke louder
than words.

A nice crowd gathered at the house
and marched to the Methodist church,
where Ensign McHarg conducted the
service, assisted by the minister.

While standing by her bed-side one
night, she looked up into the face of
a dear sister. I shall never forget
that look, as she said, "Will you meet
me there?"

As the answer came, "I will try,"
she said, "Oh, don't put it off any
longer. Take a room, yes, plenty of
room for all." While visiting her she
was a great blessing to me, and while
watching her sufferings one day I was
inspired to consecrate my all afresh
to God—Cadet Chappell, for Captain
Broughton.

"He reaps the bearded grain at a
breath,
And the FLOWERS that grow be-
tween."

WILLIE HAS GONE. Dear Captain
and Mrs. Walker did not expect it so
soon. They loved him so much.

The PICTON CORPS turned out on
Friday about six o'clock and gather-
ed at the quarters, where we held
a service, then marched to the beau-
tiful cemetery, where hundreds gathered
to "mourn with those who
mourn."

The band played, "Shall we gather
at the river?" It seemed to touch
the heart-strings of everyone present.
One or two testimonies, then Brother
Biggs' sweet voice soloed. The ser-
vice was conducted by Ensign Ar-
kett, an old soldier of the corps. Be-
fore we said, "dust to dust," one poor
man came and knelt down and gave
his heart to God.

Many of our comrades will remem-
ber Captain and Mrs. Walker at the
throne of grace.—S. L. A.

FENELON FALLS.—Waging a good
warfare. Three backsliders and two
have sought the blessing. Brother and
Sister Thelby with us, and the magic
lantern.

VANCOUVER. — Captain Cowan in
charge here. Succession of special
meetings. O. S. C. party. Brigadier
Chubb gave a sketch of his work
in foreign countries. Adjutant Arch-
bald farewell for the Coast. Two
souls and two backsliders.—Hubert.

THE LATEST. THE O. S. C. DELEGATION

THE GENERAL EMBARKED FOR SOUTH AFRICA. 30,000 souls assembled to bid him good-bye at the Farewell in Alexandra Palace on bank holiday.

THE GENERAL spent part of the final day with CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER, the CHIEF OF THE STAFF and others, giving the finishing strokes to some schemes which are to be launched almost simultaneously with his embarkation.

THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE" is a majestic and seaworthy craft, registering 5,195 gross tonnage.

In less than fifteen minutes after boarding the tender the painter was towed and the tug moved off. THE GENERAL, with POLLARD, LAW-LEX, MALAN and HEATHER, remained up to this time on the main deck, but now they ascended to the upper, where, as soon as the General made his appearance, a gentle jallelujah escaped the lips of the home party. Commissioner Cadman called for a shout of "Victory!" which was instantly given. The General lifted his hat and waved his handkerchief.

CAPT. NEWCOMBE, who joins the Japanese party at Colombo, is a sister to the Miss Newcombe who has just been murdered by the Chinese.

Mrs. Commissioner Coombs, Australia, is very ill.

MAJOR BAUGH has lost another little one. He writes: "Link by Link our family chain is being snipped from earth's end and added to Heaven's end of it. Sidney Howard has now joined Heaven's Host."

BRIGADIER POWELL sailed for Japan on the 17th, via Colombo.

Great and sacred is the bye-law. But for this inhibition, we should never have known of Torquay, Whitechurch and Eastbourne.

A mania for throwing Salvation Army officers into jail is once more upon us. COMMISSIONER HOWARD is well entrenched for his attacks. It will be a case of history repeating itself.

HEADQUARTERS' CRUMBS.

BY THE BREADBARKET.

THE MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS for August 28th contains a long interview with Colonel Stitt. Very favorable, too.

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS have decided to keep a record of the death of all soldiers in every part of the world.

THE NORTH WESTERN PROVINCE now contains seven districts. The four English officers just sent to the Northwest are stationed as follows: Capt. Watson in Brandon; Capt. Dickinson, Neudome; Captain Sanderson in charge of Pacific Training Garrison at Butte, Montana; and Captain Woodruff to Bozeman, Montana, a new posting.

ENSIGN McILLAN has returned from his week's furlough.

THE STAFF BAND is booked for Yorkville on Sunday, Sept. 1st.

BRIGADIER CLIBURN is expected to-day from the Northwest. He has been inspecting some parts of Irish Columbia.

MAJOR AND MRS. COMPLAIN spent the Sunday at Oakville, and conducted the funeral service of Mrs. Andrews (Capt. Union) at night.

THE TORONTO papers gave very good reports of Staff Capt. Jones' funeral service.

ENSIGN ARKITT has come to the Temple to hold on for a week or so.

The Commandant Leads a United Reception in the Jubilee Hall.

AN OVERFLOW OF HAPPINESS AND JUBILATION.

We have said "Good-bye" to the "JOSHUA AND CALEDON" PARTY, who have for the last four or five weeks been spying out our fair Northwest, with a view of deciding whether the General's Over Sea Colony shall be established there. The Commandant told us at the beginning of the hour that however small it might be desirable on our part to get the colony there, it is not for us to know yet, not until the General has seen the reports, and compared it with those sent from other parts of the world. We firmly believe that God will.

Overrule the General's Decision.

Now to the meeting itself. It was preceded by a splendid open-air and rally of soldiers. No less than five city bands were there, the Staff Band and three belonging to Riverdale, Richmond-street, the Temple and Lisgar street. The Jubilee Hall was filled to overflowing with a very appreciative audience.

"We sent Colonel Nicol and the General back to England feeling that we were as lively a lot of Salvationists as can be found in the world, and we will send Colonel Stitt back with the same feeling." We believe we did. Certainly Spouting Jimmy did his best to do so. After Major Howell's old standby, "Two little girls in blue," the Commandant rose and explained that Brigadier Cliburn was still in the West exploring other parts and would be here in a few days. He then went into his trip with the party, giving details as to their travels, ransacking "Captain" Lawford once or twice, and finishing up with a word or two to

The Irresponsible Critics

as to the quality of the settlers the General would send if Canada should happen to be of the country selected. "Most of Canada's great scoundrels and leaders of philanthropic enterprise are at least in sympathy with us," he said, and with a hearty clap introduced Colonel Stitt to us. The Colonel, a tall, well-built Irishman, with light sandy hair and

beard, and a regular "Irish" twinkle about the eyes, plunged into his business without hesitation. He told us how he became connected with the Army through one of the first "long-pans" was Ceylon, and before long was "keeping peace" at the doors of one of our Belfast Halls with a big blackthorn stick in his hand. The "boys" pulled the barracks down and levelled it with the ground. The Colonel didn't say whether he still kept the door, although there was a rare chance for an Irish "bull." "I started as a cadet in the training house and have kept going up, up, up till now, you see, I'm

His Excellency, the Governor-General

of the Farm Colony, at your service!"

We cannot begin to tell all the little interesting items he gave about the Hadleigh Farm Colony in Essex, about last year's crop of 20 tons of strawberries, the 1,000 head of porkers, the \$5,000 worth of fruit sold last year, the 20 tons of apples, cherries, etc., the 22 departments, and the "heterogeneous conglomeration" of other incidentals. The Commandant was obliged to leave us to attend the sick bed of dear Staff Captain Jones, who has since passed away.

Mr. Lawford, alias "John Bull," alias "Captain" Lawford, was then introduced and spoke of his interest in the scheme. Although not strictly a Salvationist, he admired the General, he

Admired His Scheme.

and called upon all present to unite for the uplifting of lost humanity.

The Colonel added a few statistics about the Farm, telling of the spiritual as well as the social results. It was quite dramatic to see him call down Cadet Donaghy, an old Hadleigh Colony man, and give him a hearty shake, saying, "Jack, my boy, how are you?" It showed the brotherly spirit, and was much appreciated.

The meeting closed with a volley for the visitors, led off by Colonel Holland; the band played "The General's Scheme," and we dispersed.

EUPHONUM.



The General's photo hangs on the walls of the Columbus Penitentiary, O.

Major Hawkins, the breezy Salvationist, would very much like to see the Salvation Army in possession of an ocean steamer.

Major Marshall has, we all know, a remarkable faculty for writing songs to popular tunes. His latest goes to "Perhaps she's on the railway."

The New Zealand Grace-before-Meat man evidently does not believe in "letting the grass grow under his feet." He begged one thousand orders for boxes out of twelve places which he visited.

Brigadier Powell, late of Norway, understands six languages. He learned Greek in railway trains while coming daily to business in London. He says the Salvation Army has opened a Sailors' Home in the extreme north, nearly in the Arctic Circle.

Commissioner Cadman has invented a simple highly successful means of keeping a meeting lively. You prize a good band with about thirty lively choruses and station them (the bandmen, not the choruses) in front of the platform, with instructions to play up every five minutes. The result is distinctly encouraging.

At one of the Australian Social-tea-suppers a poor drunken woman was so taken with the wit of the officer-in-charge, that when the order was given for the commencement that they were to pocket nothing but the coffee, she quickly emptied her capot that beverage, steaming hot, into her pocket, and chuckled at the thought of having one out of the Capitalia Drink again!

A little Ohio girl was taught by her good mamma to pray regularly every day, but the requests made were the same night and morning, week in and week out. Finally her mamma suggested a change for the next day, and what was her surprise to find her dear little innocent pray that God would make her "absolutely pure" like the baking powder in papa's paper."

ON ITS THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY the Salvation Army could point to 3,392 corps, 11,585 officers and 251 Social institutions, while the pecuniary value of its weekly publications is estimated at \$1,000,000.



Girls are never welcomed in India. Formerly a large number were destroyed at birth, but now the British Government prevents that. But they are as badly off, in many cases worse, than if dead. Their very existence is almost unnoticed by their fathers. Ask a Hindu how many children he has—supposing that he have three sons and four daughters—he will reply, "I have three children," not counting it worth while to count his daughters.

After a little girl has reached her fifth birthday, her parents begin to look for a husband for her. She can

be married when seven years old, but may wait until she is ten. The idea of marrying for love is never dreamed of. The little one never makes her own choice of a husband. Her married life bears not the slightest resemblance to the life of a wife in a Christian land. The Sautons declare that a wife, "When in the presence of her husband, must keep her eyes upon her master, and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks, she must be quiet, and listen to nothing else besides; when he calls, she must leave everything else, and attend upon him alone."



PROMOTIONS—

ENSIGN AYRE, Chief Assistant, Central Ontario Province, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN CASS, Trade Department, Toronto, to be ADJUTANT.

Captain Arnold, Assistant Editor "War Cry," Teritorial Headquarters, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Davis, of West Toronto District, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Welford, Assistant, West Ontario Province, to be ENSIGN.

Lieutenant H. W. Collier, of Toronto Social Work, to be Captain.

Lieutenant J. Hobbins, of Grand Fork, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Bentley, Westford, to be Captain at Toronto.

Lieutenant Pollard, of O. H. H., to be Captain at Toronto.

Cadet Green, of the Industrial Colony, to be Cadet.

Cadet Gray, Chatham, Ontario, to be Lieutenant at Toronto.

Cadet Halsey, Stratford, to be Lieutenant at Toronto.

Cadet Harper, Essex, to be Lieutenant at Ridgeville.

Cadet Tison, of Oakville, to be Lieutenant at Toronto.

MANAGER T. B. WATSON.
CHIEF CLERK.

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH!"

A SHORT LIFE SKETCH FROM MEMORY OF THE LATE STAFF-CAPTAIN

AGNES M. JONES.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Scarcely had we returned from the grave of our dearly beloved Major Jevon, when another of our choicest spirits took its flight and went home to God. Plucked suddenly like a dandelion and precious flower, our dear sister comrade, Staff-Capt. Jones has gone to the adorning of the Heavenly City, leaving us behind to miss, all too truly, the fragrance of her beautiful character and example.

At first we cannot but be smitten with perplexity that two helpmates so inestimably valuable should thus be removed from a scene of activity where their presence so enriched. But faith in God as a loving Father, and an all-wise Ruler, quickly quieted all such distress of mind. The Kingdom of Jesus Christ goes farther than the boundaries of our little world, and He who rules it knows best where to place and when to promote its warriors.

It remains therefore for us to bow once more to His will, and look the more eagerly to the time when we shall understand why He often appears the mystery of His dealings with us.

"She Fell Like a Soldier."

This was the upmost of my thoughts when I followed Staff-Captain Jones to her grave. She was always a SOLDIER. Not many have entered better than she did the spirit of leadership. To be a soldier of Jesus Christ and of the Salvation Army was no mere sentimental idealism to her. She did more than dream of halberds and swords, and breastplates and battle, her notions of soldiery was a FIXED ADHERENCE TO PRINCIPLE. The difference between this warrior girl and some other self-styled warriors is just this:—She fought most desperately, BUT OUT-SPOKENLY. MOST GODSIDELY, when the colors were low, and in danger of being trampled upon, while others under such conditions lose their convictions and their pluck through fear. Jones was latter in battle than "on parade." She was made of the metal that stands the test—yes "even as by fire."

"Faithful Unto Death."

When I was asked for an inscription for the plate of her coffin, it did not take me one minute to think of one; her life seemed to have written it already on my heart and brain, replied, "Faithful unto death." O holy be to God, she went on and concluded as she started. She had no regrets in her dying moments as to trifling purposes, and clinging opinions on matters of mere moment. She had kept the faith, and she had kept it in that peculiar, precious and practical sense in which it is delivered to those who kneel at the Army prayer form. She was faithful to her Lord, and she was faithful to the work He had made so precious to her, and it must have been a consolation for a dying moment to think that the services rendered her by God's great responsibility that she should spend half her days in pulling down what she had given the other half in building up.

"Never Mind Me."

Being so faithful she could not but be unselfish. The cause was greater to her than any personal consideration. She proved this by her DEEDS. In her capacity as Private Secretary to Mrs. Booth, as also to my sisters on the other side of the water, she necessarily came into possession of chosen secrets, inseparable from positions of great responsibility and trust. The discussion relative to the right uses of power and persons, as also the sorrows, misdeeds and shortcomings, which are the "needs be" of a great community, we could always rely on her in her hearing. She would have preferred to die rather than to betray

her trust. She did prefer and chose to be misunderstood, by some who might to have known better, rather than throw herself into the company and the danger of her own tongue. She had the rare gift of saying little and doing much, and caring least of all what people thought of her in the process. In this respect her well-controlled speech was a happy contrast to those whose chatter appears to be an essential of existence, or whose miserable alternative would be to "tell it all" or "give up the ghost." The charge committed to her faithful lips were looked in her breast—even till death.

In other respects she was equally unselfish. Her loving thought for her comrades and friends, as well as her devoted attachment to her aged father, for whose interests she would have suffered anything short of departing from her God-chosen path—all these things would again and again show how little she cared for herself compared with the interests of others. How we shall miss her gentle thoughtfulness in our own home when she came in and out as one of our family!

Everything in Order.

Staff-Captain Jones was one of the most systematic of officers. In this respect her life conduct affords a noble example. She had a place for everything, and everything in its place. Neatness and precision were indispensable to her happiness. We have never known her to produce a letter with a mistake, or an error, or a smudge, or a blot. As a secretary, she was all that could be desired, and her loss to Mrs. Herbert will be difficult to estimate. Now that she has gone and it has been necessary to look through her papers and matters of business, we find they all bear the same stamp, "Everything in order." No confusion of any kind—everything lettered and ready for her command. Among her papers and records of her travels and doings from the day of her birth to the day of her sickness. Her affairs, in short, are a fitting counterpart to herself. It was in this state of readiness that she went to her rest, leaving behind, hardly anything to be done peacefully, calm, resigned to the will of God—she fell asleep.

My Last Letter.

The last time the Staff-Captain wrote me a personal letter was on the occasion of her promotion. It speaks for itself, and as an expression of the sort of loyalty she has practiced all along her career, I print it in full:

13th May, 1895.

MY DEAR COMMANDANT,—

There was no time this morning to thank you personally for the letter you wrote me last night with your own hand. You have given me the greatest surprise I ever had. I thought, Commandant, that I was going to be what I am for so long, honestly feeling unworthy of anything higher in the way of rank. It may seem unbelief, but I really had to cry when I thought of all you and Mrs. Booth's kindness to me throughout, since I have been here, and then to crown it all by this extra trust and faith in me.

You shall never have reason (by the aid of the grace given me) to be sorry that you have made me what I am. I know something of what you have suffered through the biggish of people who have turned aside from humility; but, dear Commandant, I do believe that you will trust and still believe me, that I will only seek to be in all things a SIMPLE, SINCERE soul, and keep THAT SPIRIT, which is open to be taught and shown where I can improve and expand in usefulness to you and Mrs. Booth, and our dear Army. These recent days (she referred to some special truths) have

only served to increase my ardour for God, and intensify my determination to live and act as a Christian. It has made me value MY privileges more as an officer in the S. A., and I feel that I can look you and dear Mrs. Booth in the face, as my leaders, and tell you that I trust you more and find a joy in serving you.

I have commenced two or three letters to tell you how much I have prayed for you and that you can RELY UPON ME to the end, but have thought it better to not write you. You might have answered it, and I did not want you to have one syllable more than you need be obliged to pen. It is a bit difficult just at this moment to write all I do feel, only God's goodness seems to me GOOD, as never before. If it is true that "we can rise by stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things," then you can depend upon me. I don't mean to be confidently, dear Commandant, but by and through the help which I have freshly claimed. Thank you once more; I will LIVE my thanks, for I cannot SAY, or WRITE them. God bless you, and may Mrs. Booth, as well as I, help you over these thorny paths.

I am yours to serve you by faithfulness to common duty and steadfast loyalty.

AGNES M. JONES.

Her Record.

Agnes Moore Jones was born at "Layfield," Herechurch, Essex, Eng., on the 18th of September, 1865. She was one of a family of fourteen, four of whom had already been laid in the grave. Her dear mother, to whom she ever made the kindest reference, had also gone to be with Jesus, but her father is still living. She was saved at her bedside, after attending an Army drawing room meeting, on the 12th of September, 1883, and enrolled as a soldier on the 16th of March, 1886. From that time she became convinced that she ought to devote her powers to God and the service of mankind. After a severe struggle she settled this question once and for all, and has ever since been glad that the conflict on the matter was so fierce and the decision was so clear. She has never looked behind!

The Final Conquest.

The end was exceedingly sudden, and as so often in the case, quite unexpected. The Staff-Captain was about as usual ten days previous to the hour we followed her to the grave. A slight cold and sharp attack of headache led Mrs. Booth to put her to bed under our own roof, and after a day's repose we hoped she was better. She returned to her quarters, however, to display symptoms that made us fearful as to her condition. Her strength, her heart in the least apprehensive of her death. The doctor assured us she would pull around in a few days. Despite our attention, however, it soon became evident her case was serious. Acute pleurisy set in, and she died to secure her the very ablest attention we could get. Accordingly, Mrs. Booth accompanied her in the ambulance to a private hospital, where she was received into an isolated room, surrounded with care, and comforts of love, combined with all the skill of professional and considerate nurses. We have the satisfaction of knowing nothing more could have been done to ease her passage through the dark agony, but the disease rapidly developed into pneumonia, and so fierce were its ravages that hope of recovery grew slim, still our hope was in God, and that hope was a fervent one.

One whole night we spent at the hospital, waiting at the river, then a change for the better, and our spirits rose at the prospect of having her once more restored to us. But it was not for long, the early morning rain seemed to us to her side when it became evident she could not linger long.

I found her beautifully resigned and peaceful. She accepted it herself that her end was near and began to give me little messages of love to those she had known.

"I have some very dear friends," she whispered in broken accents, "in different parts of the world, who have been kind and true to me. I cannot send them any message as I should like, but I want through you to give them one fond, fond expression

of my gratitude and unflinching affection."

I promised I would write them, and mentioned one or two in particular to whom I would write individually. She smiled and seemed much pleased.

"There is there any message you would like me to give your comrades," I said, "As to how you feel in this hour of trial. Do you find Jesus precious to you?"

"Tell them," she replied, "Tell them I have Jesus with me, and having Him, I have all, all, all."

Then followed a message of love to her aged father, for whose welfare she seemed concerned to the very last, also a fervent expression of her gratitude for which she was pleased to call our kindness to her through her career, with an affectionate greeting to her beloved leader, Mrs. Booth, who could not be present. Then she fixed her eyes upon some other hidden from our gaze, took her hand in mine, and knelt again in prayer, the light of recognition came back into her face and the lamp of life flickered freshly for a few moments. I read my own Testament one verse, as slowly and impressively as I could:

"In Whom we have redemption—through His blood—the forgiveness of sins—according to the riches of His grace."

"Yes, yes," she whispered. Then I prayed with her as best my swelling heart would let me. I committed her spirit to God and tried to put into words the faith I knew she was expressing. From my gaze to overcome her last great foe. When I finished she whispered — ONE FEWENT "AMEN."

It was the last word she spoke, in another ten minutes her spirit was with Jesus. May our spirits follow after Him as faithfully as did hers.

EASTERN PROVINCE, EYES FRONT!

WANTED!!

MEN AND WOMEN to fight for God and Souls. Men and women filled with a BURNING PASSION FOR SOLDIERS out of the Holy Ghost. Men and women who are willing to suffer, toil and endure hardness. Men and women of desperation, prayer and faith. Will all such salvationists, and who desire to be

Officers

send their names and addresses to Brigadier Scott, 218 Pitt street, St. John, N.B.

Preparations are in hand for the VISIT OF THE COMMANDANT and Provincial Anniversary. This will be the time of time. Soldiers, leaders, men, local officers invited. Cheap rates will be the order of the day. On 1st of June, 1895, meetings, councils, demonstrations will take place, souls to be saved, backsliders reclaimed, believers sanctified, a shower from Heaven, real baptism of the Holy Ghost to come upon us. Pray for this.

PARADISE, MONTANA.

A RAILROAD TESTIMONY. We were seventy-four miles west of Missoula, working on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Brother Frost called it "Paradise Lost." There is a section house, a hand-car house and a Chinese residence. This with our sleeping car completes the town.

Satan reigns with full sway. There are eight besides us, three Chinamen, the action boss and his wife. God's grace is sufficient to keep two blood and fire soldiers here. We are building a stone wall under a cliff of rocks overlooking the railroad track. It is very dangerous. The thought comes to us, what if that rock should fall on those unsaved and they should be buried unto eternity! For our part we do not fear death, our minds are at ease, but we want to get back to Missoula soon to our corps—Frost and Frederick.

It was Colonel SUTT who, when the Army was ejected from the Parliar Hall where the Commandant received his first black eye, helped to scour Paris in search of another hall, and then up an ancient foundry as a barracks.

TO THE CELESTIAL CITY.

Mrs. Andrews

(Née Capt. Mahon).

Gone to Heaven.

BURIED IN ARMY UNIFORM

Big Memorial Service in Oakville Town Hall,
Conducted by the Editor.

When she pledged herself to God and the Army, and her husband, who could have thought that in that uniform her body would so soon be lowered to its last long abode?

CAPTAIN MAHON, who was married by the Commandant to Brother Andrews, soldier of Oakville corps, at Dovercourt Barracks, Toronto, in May, 1894, passed away to her eternal reward from her residence at Oakville on Thursday, 22nd Aug., 1895.

I was present at the happy wedding ceremony.

Seeking some particulars of our glorified comrade for use in the memorial service on Sunday evening, I called on Brother Andrews. I found him nursing his motherless babe, a fine healthy boy, the legacy Mrs. Andrews brought him as she entered the valley of the shadow of death.

THE LATE MRS. ANDREWS entered the Army as an officer some eleven years ago, and fought a good fight. She helped open Orillia and Barrie, and then Oakville, afterwards returning to Oakville as captain. Some of the fruits of her work for Christ are still there, but others have passed over to the Paradise of God. Her health had been failing for some time, and when some two years ago her illness gave way to necessity retired from the field.

HER MARRIED life was a happy one. Brother Andrews says, "when the door was shut this home was heaven." He feels the blow most keenly, but says, "That will be done."

Her acceptance and standing before God he has no doubt about. The only thing that marred her peace at all since their marriage was her physical inability to take active part in winning souls, but she looked forward to doing more so soon as improved health would permit. She never neglected private devotions, and to the late her "Soldier's Gate" was her companion. The Sunday evening before she became unwell she took up her tambourine and sang quite a number of the old Army choruses the same as she used to do on the field. THE MEMORIAL SERVICE was held in Oakville Town Hall, and the respect entertained for her amongst the townspeople was evidenced by the numbers who attended, there having been no such congregation for some years.

Rev. Craig (Presbyterian) and Rev. Calvert (Methodist) both announced the service in their churches and gave pointed addresses at the meeting. They dwelt on the value of living active Christians and the indispensableness of self-sacrifice in the people of God. "Souls are won," said Mr. Calvert, "first by the sacrifice of Christ, and secondly, by the sacrifice of His people." "We have many Christian professors, but few who are active workers for Christ," said Rev. Craig. Workers can ill be spared.

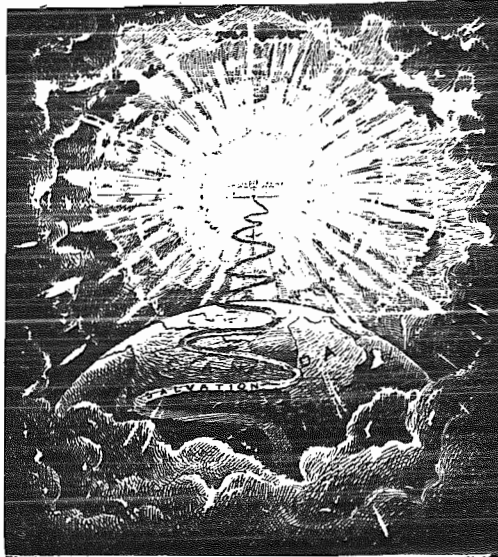
SOLDIER MRS. HINTON, who was with Mrs. Andrews through her illness, told of her becoming the departed one was to her years ago, and of her peaceful end. BRO. ANDREWS also added a few words. He spoke of her preparedness for the great change of her intention to do active work for Christ as soon as her strength permitted. He knew her desire for that meeting would be that little should be said of her, but that Jesus should be upheld and souls saved.

There were no visible results, but a blessed offering was given.

My God give Bro. Andrews grace to train his boy for service for sacrifice and for reunion. Amen.

JOHN COMPLIN.

PETERBORO. — Expecting great things, H. F. Three precious souls stepped into liberty and two more at night.—Sergt. Lang.



Salvation's grandly rolling tide
Flows through this glorious land of ours;
'Twas started from the Saviour's side,
And still maintains its cleansing powers.

The vilest sinner in the land,
The moralist, with all his pride,
Can surely reach the golden strand
By washing in its purple tide.

Easterners Encamped.

WHITE HORSES HEAD OFF THE OPENING—WHOLE
ROWS OF CHAIRS DANCE UP AND DOWN.

NEW GLASGOW, N.S.—THE TENT did not arrive, so the first night we had a meeting in the barracks. The first march was headed by Ensign Aitward and Capt. Bradbury on white horses. AUNTIE was also present, and it might be said that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like" her. Inside some of the comrades were so enthusiastic that whole rows of chairs danced up and down in a way that was startling. It was not spiritualism, however, but the platform was a little slinky, and when several about others kept time by jumping for joy, the whole structure and everything on it accompanied time.

Brother Enrie told us how in times past he had wakened in the morning to find that by means of "the sun the dew and the cold mixed together," his hair was frozen to his hat, and much mud frozen to his coat. Brigadier Scott sang a solo, "His step came firm and steady," and Ensign Aitward spoke most touchingly of his past experience.

Knee drill was beautiful. At the holiness meeting the Brigadier spoke of the necessity of

Keeping Vows

nade to God. Capt. Lorimer and Ensign Galt followed.

In the afternoon each member of the band gave his testimony to the healing virtue of the Blood. Ensign Galt read to us with much earnestness. Ensign and Aunt Enrie sang a solo, after which Brigadier Scott told a pathetic story.

At night a good crowd. Brigadier Scott made a most earnest appeal. One soul professed salvation.

A STORM FLEW DOWN ON TENT, so the Hallelujah wedding took place in MacNell's Hall, which the proprietor very kindly lent. The contracting parties were Brother George Kenough and Sister Mary Ford. Ensign Galt read the articles of war, and the Rev. Mr. Rogers tied the knot. Judging by

The Amount of Rice

Ensign Aitward suggested that it would have been better had it been donated for the Harvest Festival. PICTOU, New Glasgow, Antville, and Stellarton corps united for their

annual excursion and picnic at RUS-
HICO BEACH.

It was a glorious day, the sail was
delightful, and the beach itself is the
very place for a picnic. MAX.



AN INCIDENT is told by a lady who made a tour round the world. THE CHINESE WOMEN, it seems; are so anxious to "make merit" for themselves that they will perform any labor to escape the painful transmigration of the next life.

They dread to be born again as dogs or cats, and the highest hope possessed by them is to be RE-BORN AS MEN. In order to secure this they do any and every meritorious act.



One whom this lady saw had, with incredible labor, dug a well twenty feet deep and some ten or fifteen feet across. With her poor weak hands she had excavated every foot of it, and it was only after this achievement that she learnt of Christ and of the free Gospel of salvation.

When the lady met her she was an old woman of eighty, and stretching out her aged and crippled fingers she and her visitor sang together:

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

A celebrated writer with original and suggestive words comments with true Army sentiment:—

"Like most single lines, it is but a fragment of the truth."

"Simply to Thy cross I cling."
"Yes, with the arms of clinging faith I shrink from going on, lest

anyone should think I do not make enough of that which is the heart and life of piety, the simple trust in Christ and Him crucified. But what did Christ ever say, what did the Apostles ever teach, which warrants you in saying, "All I have to do is to cling to the cross?" What did Jesus say about the cross? He said take it up, and go about obeying the will of God. You have a God to serve, and a man cannot do that sitting in a sanctuary, kneeling in a closet, clasping his arms around a sacred tree, or laying his cheek against the wood that is red with the blood of the Christ of God in the world.

"Cling to the cross, for ONLY GOD WHILE YOU CLING: following His commandments with your deeds, glorifying Him upon the earth, finishing the work that He has given you to do. Cling to the cross until the eternal glory comes; but while you cling, follow Christ whithersoever He leads you."

What Holiness is.

BY FIELD OFFICER McKENZIE,
Stationed at Richmond St., Toronto.

THE laying of all on the altar of "self-sacrifice," a "living sacrifice," Romans xii. 1, henceforth to have our countenances set as clay in the hands of a potter, be transformed with the renewing of the mind and heart, by the Holy Spirit, which takes possession in greater measure, as at Pentecost. Have you received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? Why?

The fruits of a sanctified soul are love, joy, peace, longuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.—Gal. v. 22. You will see, therefore, that pride, hatred, malice, envy, wrath, strife, jealousy, backbiting and covetousness, are against the doctrine of love, and therefore cannot exist in a soul perfect in love.

Holiness is a mystery that God reveals to those who strive for a close walk with Him.

What Holiness is Not.

IT IS NOT FREEDOM FROM TEMPTATION. The foundation of our temptation will not be a depraved heart, but natural appetites to be unlawfully gratified.

IT IS NOT SINLESS PERFECTION in that it is not being perfect in knowledge and judgment we make mistakes and at all times need the atonement of Christ as our plea to the merits of God. You will see that this does not clash with the doctrine of love, which is the fulfilling of the law.

If we walk in the light we have fellowship—and the blood cleanses from all unrighteousness. If we sin willfully there remains no more sacrifice—no more fellowship, or no more cleansing—but a fearful looking forward of judgment and fiery indignation.

That is to say, sins of ignorance do not separate us from God, for "the sacrifice on our behalf appears," but in willful sin no sacrifice. We stand condemned, fearful, until we repent and do the first works over again.

IT IS NOT SANCTIONEDNESS, that puts it out of reach of everyone.

IT IS NOT FREEDOM from the possibility to backslide, and there is no justification for a sanctified soul except in sanctification. If he falls into sin he becomes a sinner. He cannot come back to some middle degree and stay there.

It is not that you be talented or a successful soul-winner.

It is not perfection in the sense that you cannot grow in grace any more. It puts you in a position where you can grow the faster. The kingdom of heaven is as a grain of mustard seed, very small, but reaches in its growth large dimensions. So are the others. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but peace and righteousness in the Holy Ghost.

Has it been sown in your heart? If so, cultivate it, your heart will enlarge, and we shall soon have your application for the field, you will do the work for God and take the world in your arms.

GRAND BANK.—In for victory. Hard work and holy living will win. One word. Capt. Houston.

Lost Without Jesus.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

"Then said Martha to Jesus, 'Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died.'"

It was a sorrowful time in the little home at Bethany! The quickly-gathered clouds had burst in fury upon the family circle, and left them bewailing the loss of the only boy. The two sisters laid their brother in the tomb. Death had cast its cold shadow upon their hearts. Life was darkened, joys forgotten, tears falling, spirits mourning, and, worst of all,

Jesus was Not There.

I have often wondered how the sorrowful do without a Christ. I can more easily understand the pleasure-seeker and the gay getting along without Him. But the heart broken by grief must be bitter indeed with no "Man of Sorrows" to speak it out to!

I don't believe there was ever a mother saw her child who did not want to kneel and pour out her grief to God over its dead body. I don't believe there was ever a husband and a father, kissed for the last time his wife and little ones on the eve of a long separation, who would not have been glad to kneel down just then and right there commit them all to the mercies of God.

And I believe there are thousands of sinners who wake up from their fits of debauchery and

Wish They Could Pray!

On the merry-go-round of time, when the cup of pleasure is overflowing, it may be, and alas is, easy to forgo; God; but amid the shadows of life, when the vials of sorrow are poured out, it is hard work to get along without the love and solace of a Saviour.

Jesus knew all about the suffering in that home, and He was on His way to share it. Buck among the years of your life there has been no sorrow that He has not come out as far as He could to meet. All the seeming catastrophes that have overtaken you have been permitted by Him for some fruitful purpose, just as the sorrow was permitted to come upon Mary and Martha. For, consider, how otherwise could they so efficiently have proved the omnipotence of Christ? Was He not

Tonfold the Messiah

to that household and to the little group surrounding the open grave, because of the majestic authority this apparent misfortune had been the occasion for Him to demonstrate? Unquestionably He was!

And so, sinner, it is with you. All your sorrows, your losses, your disappointments have been allowed by God in hope that they might be made the medium of His saving grace. The failure to extract from their bitterness the promise of welfare, and to learn by their chastisement, has been your fault alone, not God's. He has approached you in the hour of your agony—been close by the deathbed, or the graveyard, and just behind the veil that has shadowed your soul, with

His arms outstretched for you to grasp. Oh, that in those moments you had taken it, then would your sorrow have been as the night before the dawn, and your tears as the dew of heaven to your soul.

When Martha heard that Jesus was coming, she obeyed the promptings of her heart and went to meet Him. What compassion and blessing, and what a remedy she found for all her sorrow! If despite the grief that is ripening into despair in your soul, you will raise but the penitential cry to meet the mercy of God, what consequences, burdened with immeasurable blessing shall follow after in your life! Shall this be so? Here is

The Love of Your Saviour,

wonderful, unsearchable. Will you let it be perfected in you, finding in your salvation the consummation of its everlasting purpose? Will you let the voice of your patience and petition rise as the echo to the pleading of the Spirit? If you will, what blending of your holiest desires and God's truest purposes there will be in your experience!

Saint, this is for you also! There are unending and all afflictions and sorrows of your life, see to it that you discover them

(To be continued.)

OUT OF KNOWING INTO DOING.

ENGLISH BEES comments on his life-sketch in a recent "Cry," explaining his great struggle before coming to the penitent form for the bleeding. He says:

I was like many others, I had no very great difficulty in understanding what it would mean to me and what holiness meant. I had read and re-read the section on sanctification in the Army doctrine and discipline. But I was

For Months Seeking

to obtain the precious gift. I used to pray night and day, sometimes rising in the night to wrestle over it. I KNEW what God would have me do, but TO DO IT seemed out of my reach.

At last, sick at heart, and tired of my struggling, I sank out of my trying into doing, when God came and filled my soul with unspeakable joy and peace.

THEN when I went to God, having done what He gave me to do, and telling Him I wanted Him to make me perfectly whole, I had no very great struggle, but claimed it by simple faith.

BURTON.—Red-hot shot. Three soldiers went six miles for two meetings. While they talked to one woman she cried out, "Lord, save me," and God answered. Our numbers are swelling.

—D. H.

BRANDON, MAN.—Capt. Walton, just fresh from England's shores, has taken charge. Good drum-head collection. A number of our soldiers away IN THE HARVEST FIELDS. One sent at Kure drill. The saved Turk's testimony is, fifteen years drinking, smoking, and gambling; but since he got saved, nearly three months ago, he's happy all the time.

—A. H.



REV. DR. WILSON OF NEW YORK, who used to preach to great crowds of people here, has been with us. God greatly blessed him in the Army twelve years ago, and since then he has been able to give an experimental exposition of the Divine Truths of the Word of God.

There were unusual crowds of people to see and hear the Doctor, who was with us in the open air in the



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

park, also at the inside meeting he gave his experience and described his conversion, with a description of the Army in other countries that he has visited. At night the Doctor preached, his subject being

"Straight Salvation,"

and Holy Ghost power rested upon the eight or nine hundred people, as he put before them the salvation of God.

We were assisted also by Adj. and Mrs. Southall. One poor soul wept his way to the foot of the cross. We wound up the meetings of the day by bringing all the soldiers and friends together and having a big feast to eat souls. We are going ahead with our Harvest Festival, and expect to get right over the top.—Capt. Carothers.

"WAR CRY" vs TOBACCO.

THE CRY, we believe, is a great blessing to many.

I sold one awhile ago to a young man and told him to read it through. It was the number that spoke chiefly against tobacco. He went home, took down his pipe to have a good smoke, and at the same time he took up the War Cry to read. He had constantly used the tobacco

For Eighteen Years

and thought it was impossible for him to quit it. However, after reading the Cry he determined that he would give it up and never taste it again. Although it was a struggle yet he got the victory and intends to stick to his word.

We are believing soon to see him enjoying the blessing of salvation. Our Cry Sergt., Brother Rice, takes a great interest in doing his very best.—Captain Hampton, Twillingate.

Central Ontario Notes.

MAJOR HOWELL

CORBETT'S POINT CAMP MEETINGS have been a decided success. Between three and four hundred rigs were on the grounds.

Sympathy.

The people were greatly disappointed at the absence of the Commandant, but on account of the death of our devoted comrade, Staff-Capt. Jones, together with the serious condition of Mr. Booth, it was impossible for him to fill this engagement. Many hearts went up to God for him in prayer.

War at Newmarket.

The police threaten to lock up the officers if they continue with their open-air work, but Capt. Howells is the wrong stuff to take back-water.

At the Drumhead.

Captain Parker of Grifolia writes: A drunkard saved in the open-air.

Women Warriors' Band in Danger.

While at North Bay they encountered A GREAT STORM. Lightning struck the house where Emma Wade and Capt. Griffiths were billeted, but no one was hurt.

The F. S. and Mrs. Howell visit Bowmanville, Oshawa and Lindsay.

Anniversary Meetings.

We have received information from many of the corps that several of their soldiers are coming. We are expecting a big crowd of Salvationists. We herewith submit the programme of Toronto meeting. The Commandant, of course, will be in command.

Programme.

Sat., Sat. 7th.—8 p.m., private officers and soldiers' council.

Sunday, 8th.—7 a.m., Knee Drill; 11 a.m., Revival; 3 p.m., Great Social Meeting in "Parlour"; 8 p.m., Revival Temple.

Monday, 9th.—10 a.m., Officers' Council; 2 p.m., Officers' Council; 8 p.m., Revival Meeting, Jubilee Hall. Tuesday, 10th.—10 a.m., Officers' Council; 2 p.m., Officers' Council; 8 p.m., Revival Meeting, Jubilee Hall.

Wednesday, 11th.—10 a.m., Officers' Council; 2 p.m., Officers' Council; 8 p.m., Revival Meeting, Jubilee Hall. Thursday, 12th.—Open Day for Business; 5 p.m., Great Banquet, Jubilee Hall; 8 p.m., Musical Festival. Temple; 11 p.m., All Night of Prayer.

Adjutant Ayre's promotion is old news now, but we must offer the chief assistant our hearty congratulations just the same.

That was a splendid turn out of soldiers to Colonel Stitt's reception. Well done, Toronto!

The Staff Band did good service both at Hamilton and Corbett's Point camps. They were ready for anything.

COME OUT
FROM
AMONG THEM

AND BE
SEPARATE

THREE WEEKS' CRUISE

Around Trinity, Bonavista and Notre Dame Bays,
ON BOARD "THE SALVATIONIST,"

WITH
MAJOR SHARP.

AT EVERY CORPS we touched the crowds were very good, although it was the worst time in the year, all the fishermen being away. Twenty men and women came out and cried to God for deliverance in the various meetings.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND has been opened six years, and I had the honor of being the first Staff Officer that ever visited the place. They were all excited to see the Major. A good turnout at night. GREENSPOND SOLDIERS had a welcome tent for the Major and crew. About thirty of us sat down in a small field and partook of the good things.

ONE HUNDRED AND TEN MILES' RUN from Westerville brought us to TIT'S COVE. Another welcome tent. The soldiers and everything they could to make it a success.

The desire of Mr. and Mrs. Norman was to have their LITTLE DARLING HAROLD dedicated to God on the Sunday afternoon that we were there, but instead of dedicating him we buried him.

God bless the bereaved parents. The fifteen hours to go eight miles is rather slow work. But when we have no wind how can the vessel go? Neither can the Christian go without the Holy Ghost wind.

MALISTA MURIEL DAISY SUEL-GROVE was dedicated to God at Harry's Harbor the night that we visited there.

Cadet Spencer got orders to farewell, with only five minutes' notice, and proceed next day to Tit's Cove. The S.A. is the life of those places. When work is over the people make for the Army barracks.

It is the hope of the country for young blood.

THE PEOPLE were all very sorry that we could not stay longer. At each place they helped us with such things as they had.

All are anxious to know if COMMANDANT WILL COME this fall. A great welcome awaits him when he does arrive.

A soldier of Twillingate had his two darling children, Jane Wilcox Dove, and Eliza Dove, dedicated to God at seven a.m.

The "Salvationist" left Twillingate for Labrador. Our prayer is that they will be successful in their work of mercy, and be a great BLESSING AND CHEER TO THE FISHERMEN.

Advancing is the Light Brigade,
MURDERERS!



A HAPPY FAMILY they are. With all her other family duties Sister Mrs. Moorish, of Clinton, finds time to push the interests of Lazarus, and no doubt she will meet with still more success as she gets more boxes. God bless L. B. L. A. Moorish!

TORONTO'S SEPTEMBER GATHERING.

COMING SHORTLY.

THE CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE LEADS OFF WITH
A UNITED SERIES OF

Anniversary

Demonstrations

THE COMMANDANT

WILL CONDUCT.

COLONEL HOLLAND,
Brigadier Jacobs, and Major Howell
WILL ASSIST.

The Whole of the Central Ontario Officers, and all the Headquarters', Social, and Rescue Staff will be present.

THE DATES ARE SEPTEMBER 7th to 12th.

Grand Rally of Soldiers!
Inspiring Outdoor Celebrations!

AND

A - Beautiful - Musical - Festival,
in THE TEMPLE, on THURSDAY, Sept. 12th.

YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU ARE NOT THERE!

LONDON ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS FOLLOW,
September 14th to 19th.

Palouse Pioneerings.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

(Concluded.)

ON TO OAKSDALE. The Methodist Church was kindly loaned to us for the occasion. Here we met Brother and Sister Gude, who were very glad to have an opportunity of attending an Army meeting; so were Brother and Sister Meg, from New Brunswick. Altogether we "were seven." Brother Gude with his cornet was quite an assistance. Friends came to the front expressing their desire for us to remain. Here is a promise of a good work if we can only establish a circle corps.

SPANGLER was our last appointment, and although a very small place they turned out quite well. Here we had already secured a hall at \$1 for the night, but the Baptists offered us the loan of their church at any time we wish to come back. The cheese factory man gave us

A Twenty-Pound Cheese

into the collection, and the photographer took our photos free of charge.

Altogether we are satisfied that Palouse Country is just ready for the S. A. It is thickly populated, comparatively speaking, and has a thriving aspect. Wheat is the main crop of the farmers, but there is also barley, oats, hay, and a considerable amount of fruit raised here. You just see if the S. A. does not make a big mark here before many weeks.

Return Friday to Spokane to find Captain Collett waiting for an appointment. She has proceeded to Missoula to supply for Captain and Mrs. Gillette, who have come on a rest. She will be assisted by Cadet Scott. We also heard the news that our tent across the river had blown down three times, and was even then lying down upon the ground, which brought us again face to face with

the fact that the devil still blows on us.

We wound up by having a good roughing business meeting at Spokane, two brothers out for purity, one of them a Methodist minister, who found that he was to an extent bound up and wanted a full and complete deliverance.

THE STAFF IN CAMP AT TRURO.

Many counter attractions, but nevertheless victory. Splendid march. ENSIGN ALWARD distinguished himself. ENSIGN GALT throughout these meetings not only helped by her speaking and songs with guitar accompaniment, but also rendered material assistance at the organ. By means of a "CHAIR TELEPHONE," operated by Brigadier Scott and Ensign Alward, the meetings were well announced. Brigadier Scott read and gave an earnest appeal. Saturday a good children's meeting, about sixty present. Rev. Messrs. Hearts and Sandford at night took their places on the platform, and each gave a kindly and helpful address. On Sunday God was with us. The holiness meeting brought tears to the eyes. One brother, an officer, was overheard saying, "That's the best holiness meeting I've been at for years." Ensign Gage STRUCK THE KEY-NOTE of the meeting in a soul-stirring address, and Ensign Galt, Creighton and Alward kept to the same line of thought. Sunday afternoon a splendid crowd. Ensign Alward said his mother used to beat him to make him pray, but failed to put him to the more prayerful frame of mind. At night a beautiful meeting. Ensign Mrs. Andrews soloed; Brigadier Scott and Ensign Des Brisay sang a duet, and Ensign Galt spoke; Ensign Bradley told a touching incident of a wasted life; Ensign Alward spoke with moving eloquence in a DEPERATELY EARNEST APPEAL, led us up to the very bar of God. Two souls. Ensign Bradley told his wonderful life story. This meeting was the best in the tent—MAY.



LIFE SKETCH OF MAJOR COLLIER, with series of progressive photos, illustrating the evolution of the Social Secretary, out of an embryo boyhood into the maturity of a sedate and full-bearded Salvationist.

Also: winter scenes in MANITOULIN.

Honor Roll

Jennie Hal Kirk, Winnipeg	131
Jennie Hal Kirk, Winnipeg	122
Cadet Scott, Butte, Mont.	122
Lieut. Correll, New Westminster	120
Lieut. Ziebarth, Great Falls	107
Lieut. Selig, Springfield	96
Cadet Orr, Oak Portage	65
Priv. Hall, Butte, Mont.	62
Cadet Manly, Winnipeg	62
May Still, Winnipeg	60
Ensign Fitzpatrick, New West-	
minster	56
Ensign Wiseman, Ottawa	53
Capt. Teale, Ottawa	53
May Still, Winnipeg	50
Cadet Manly, Winnipeg	47
Cadet Manly, Winnipeg	47
Capt. Bearewell, Ottawa	43
Mrs. Ensign Gage, Halifax	40
Sergeant Dolman, Kingston	37
Lieut. Dwyer, Prince Albert	37
Ensign Taylor, Springfield, N.S.	36
Sergeant Mrs. Collins, Halifax	35
Cadet McBride, Winnipeg	34
Sister Sandman, Butte	33
Sergeant Major Galt, Halifax	32
Mrs. Ensign Miller, Simcoe	30
Mrs. Ensign Miller, Simcoe	30
Hannah Bayley, Halifax	30
Sister Tena McPherson, Halifax	30
Capt. Melrose, Great Falls	29
Sergeant Henderson, Ottawa	28
Capt. Gooding, Prince Albert	27
Sister Mrs. Foster, Gaining	25
Mrs. Read, Halifax	25
Lieut. Slater, Little Current	24
Clara Hounsell, Halifax	22
Jessie Belman, Halifax	22
Sergeant Power, Bowmanville	21
Sergeant Major Hudson, Halifax	21
Sergeant C. Glen, Kingston	21
Maggie Marderson, Newcastle	20
Sergeant H. Hersey, Kingston	20
Sergeant Barker, Kingston	20
Frederick Power, Bowmanville	20
Clara Hounsell, Halifax	20
Lieut. Hunt, Halifax	20
Sister Mrs. Reed, Halifax	20
Lieut. Riddle, Kentville	20
Maggie Marderson, Newcastle	19
J. S. M. Peacock, Great Falls	19
Sergeant Lee, Halifax	15
Sergeant Kelly, Halifax	15
Mrs. Mott, Kingston	14
Cadet Ford, Carleton Place, Nfld.	12

(Two weeks sales)

Sister Maggie Jarvis, Kentville 52
Sister Jane Hinds, Kentville 17

—OO—

Let all Eastern officers and soldiers send in their names with the number of "Cry" sold on the streets. Now for the boomers and champion "Cry" sellers in the East. Who is going to take the lead? Send your name and the number sold to St. John—Brigadier Scott.

BATTLEFIELD ECHOES

Twillingate.—Crew of "Salvationist" with Major Sharp visited. A **LIVELY NICE TIME** indeed. One soul slain.

St. John I. — Impressive memorial meeting, led by Jira. Major Sharp. Sergt. Major Ebbury told how he remembered Major Jera coming as "ONE OF THE BOYS" to the barracks night after night, and as conviction took hold of him he came nearer the front all the time, till he reached the penitent-form. Others testified of the blessing he had been.—Ensign Tennie.

Pelly's Island.—Devil has tried to turn things **UPSIDE DOWN**, but God has given us six souls.—Capt. Cooper.

Montreal II.—Adjutant Magee with us. **SOLDIERS ARE WELL** in their souls. We shall keep on believing.—W. G., S.-C.

Unkint I.—Excursion and meeting on the harbor on board the steamer "Argowater." Brass band made **THINGS PLEASANT**. Good meetings and souls.—Sergt. Major Caslin.

Peterboro'. — "There's nothing too hard for Jesus! People in earnest about their salvation, Christians getting sanctified. Feel LIKE DANCING over the saved souls.—S. C. May.

Prince Albert.—Two wanderers on Sunday, another on Tuesday. Also **SING-SONG** and good crowd.—Capt. Gooding.

Freeport. — Conviction spreading. **SHOWERS** of blessing. One soul at the cross.—Capt. Harris.

Port Arthur.—The Army of our soldiers takes departure to **WORK** IN THE HARVEST FIELDS in the N. W. This thins our ranks. Splendid open-air.—Boi.

Clark's Harbor. — Jubal's Brigade, four souls, good times.

What more? Farewell orders. And what else?

FORTY COMRADES at one table for farewell tea.—Capt. Pelly.

Halifax. — **CAPT. PARSONS FAREWELL**. Souls at the mercy-seat.—Sergt. Major Caslin.

Ingersoll. — Enthusiastic welcome to Captain Cockerill. He was already taken up **COMFORTABLE QUARTERS** IN OUR HEARTS. Memorial service of Junior Lizzie Dale very impressive.

Kentville.—Things looking up all round this place. Six souls **SHOW A PRACTICAL CHANGE**.—Capt. McKay.

Barrie. — One comrade has farewelled for the field. **SINNERS ONE BY ONE** proving God's saving power.—Ensign Starr.

Newcastle.—Captain Johnson, from Canadian army. Captain Jennings **EX-CHANGED PULPITS**. G. B. M. Jones opened, going ahead slowly.—Ernie Reeves, L.A.L.B.

Hot Springs.—Met. Ensign Lee at Winnipeg. **THROUGH ROCKS** to Hot Springs. People kind, large crowds.—Capt. Orr.

LANSIER'S DRUM BAND.—Five souls at Sanguin. Captain Frye met us at Lamsing. Nice dinner prepared. At Battle Creek there is a nice hall donated by a friend. At Jackson good crowd. On to Ypsilanti.—Lieutenant Lewis.

Stuace.—Three souls, also four at the **ELMWOOD OUTPOST**, re-opened recently.—Ensign Miller.

Brandon.—Backsailer home again. **DIG WAR CITY MEETING** in the barracks. Capt. Walton to the front.—Peter Cooke.

Berlin.—Good open air. **ONE BACKSLIDER** returned, good attention.—Capt. Stelger.

This Cove.—Four souls. A convicted young man **SPIZED HIS HAT** and rushed for the door. We shall come to the top like a cork in a bucket of water.—C. W. Tilley.

Cornwall.—Twenty-four at the penitent form in the last four weeks. **WELCOME HOME**, Brother and Sister Richardson. Adjutant Magee with us.

Penobscot.—In spite of wet weather hall full. Seven raised their hands for prayer. **OUR ORGAN (THE DRUM)** welcomed here.

Victoria, B.C.—One precious soul. Officers, brass band, and soldiers marched to the wharf to welcome **BRIGADIER CLIBBORN** for the week end. "Darkest England" meeting, including the Farm Colony. At the fall meeting, led by Captain Ramsdell, ten prisoners held up their hands for prayer. Brigadier Sunday afternoon gave us an insight into the working of the S. A. in other lands.—Annie Kelly, S.-C.

Great Falls.—Doubled size of hall by renting adjoining building and taking out partition. One comrade **WALKED THIRTY MILES** to be in time for Sunday meetings.

Carhagen.—Hallelujah the language of our hearts. Visit from Mr. Major Sharp, **ACCOMPANIED BY EVA** and Ensign Reunie. Special meeting for women, and their responsibilities improved. "Hallelujah, sweet home" service of song.—Capt. Thompson.

Paris.—Captains Crawford and Captain Lauz have taken hold of the **Viridian**.—To any we are having good times here is too mild. Everyone happy. God is in our midst. At Kned-drill one brother got the victory. In the afternoon a sister whose husband was saved the Sunday before came out. At soldiers' meeting **THREE BROTHERS** came out for deliverance from inbred sin.—Business.

reins and are **MAKING THE HORSE GO**. People pushing hard for enjoyment. New D. O. with us Ensign and Mrs. Moore. Right royal welcome. Cornet going forty troops as Lord. Ensign called to conduct funeral of Brother Biggley's little child.—H. M., S.-C.

Fredericton.—Beautiful picnic. In a rainy morning we started off in good faith. Kind friends, nice hall, march and band, headed by **Ensign Gaudin**. Everybody came **HOME FEELING BETTER** than when they went. At night four cried for mercy. Our Cry boomers go ahead.—John Chase.

Gananoque.—**RE-OPENING OF BARRACKS**. Picture inter. This building was known as the M. E. church, but after the union it was vacated. About ten years ago the Salvation Army opened in Gananoque and rented the old church. In spite of its untasteful appearance, its dingy ceilings, the Army seemed to stick to it and say, with all its faults we love it still. However, time came when a change must take place, so we secured a tent for month of June and part of July. But now we have re-entered not the old, but almost a new building. Assisted by Ensign McLean, we opened with three days special meetings. At the banquet part of the Kingston brass and string bands, assisted. We have received orders to farewell.—Capt. and Mrs. Peck.

Carberry. — Drove nine miles to **DEMPSEY** for four days' camp meetings in a bluff on Bro. Lawrence's farm. Splendid time. Mosquitoes very hungry, yet God blessed us. 5.30 a. m. the bugle was heard, for **THE BUGLER'S CLOCK HAD RUN**

AHEAD an hour, but we didn't care, all the more time to look to our ammunition March round. Methodist friends with us. Capt. Hewitt arrived with a batch of Neepawa soldiers. Sinners trembled. Showers in showers. Two poor backsailers loosed from the devil's grip Monday and Tuesday good meetings, but on account of harvesting the crowd was not so big. Another soul.—Captain Wilkins.

St. John District. — Capt. Gamble starts with her excursion. Wet morning, but at 2 a. m. in spite of rain and mud, soldiers and friends came from all directions. We steamed out with two coaches filled with happy faces. A beautiful day was spent. A young man came and sought salvation. Frederickton as a corps holds the championship for selling War Cry in the East. I hear of someone else who is trying to take it away. I heard Capt. Gamble and her local officers say it wouldn't be done. This corps has just held their tenth anniversary. Two souls. Frederickton is not only determined to lead in War Cry, but also in H. P. The band is taking a great part in it. And the rumors are bound the band shall not get ahead of them. St. John I. next. St. John people are very willing to help. St. John III. next. Capt. Miller will come out with flying colors. Capt. McLean at No. II. Capt. Allan at No. V., and Capt. Campbell at Caithan all have targets the same. Fairville has made up its mind not to be last, and I don't blame them.—Ensign T. Coombs.

WAR DECLARED ON THE DEVIL AT GRAFTON BY

ADJUTANT RAWLING,

assisted by **CAPT. SPENCER & CAPT. KING, LIEUTS. GIBBS & ANDERSON.**

Opening a Mighty Success—Hundreds

Turkey away from Hall-Over

Twelve hundred people

in the Open-Air.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE IS MOVING AHEAD

Under the command of

MAJOR BENNETT.

Adjutant Rawling was the man appointed to open fire on Grafton, assisted by Captain Spencer, Captain Kemp, and Lieutenants Gibbs and Anderson, the latter three being appointed to take charge.

Saturday night the first sound of the cornet was heard, Adjutant Rawling and Captain Spencer playing "We are marching onward," led by the three insects. Everybody was at the doors to see us. The open-air was crowded. March band, people packed in the hall like herrings in a box. Crowds turned away. Adjutant explained us to the people.

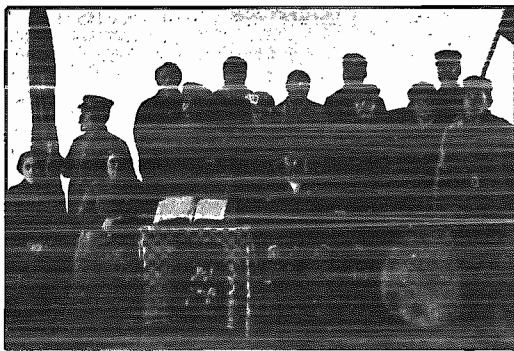
Sunday knee-drill, about forty present at the meeting. Wound up with one soul in the fountain.

Holiness meeting, a nice crowd present. The Adjutant, laying down the necessity for a life of purity. Three at the cross.

Afternoon open-air a proper time. Crowds around us. Gospel shot poured in.

Sunday—Again crowded out, many turned away. The Adjutant, explained to the people the object the Army had in opening the work in their town, which I can assure you the people appreciated, and are one with us.

Night.—This was the best. At the open-air there were over one thousand and two hundred people who listened to the singing and the testimonies of times. They turned around and to be their Saviour. Inside the hall packed, and over eight hundred people were turned away.—Captain Spencer.



A GROUP OF SALVATIONIST INDIANS, taken at Victoria, B.C.

AT STEVESTON, B. C.

Truly Remarkable — Indians Christianizing
Whites—Note what this Manager says.

Steveston is a small town, the headquarters of the **CANNED SALMON INDUSTRY**, on the Fraser river.

During the fishing season the population is about 8,000 and 7,000, at other times about 800.

At present we are in the height of the fishing season, and it would be difficult to gather together a more useful crowd than is here now, all nationalities being represented.

The work in the canneries is done exclusively by Chinamen; the fishermen, however, are mostly whites,

Siwash Indians, and Japanese, a

CARELESS, INDIFFERENT, GODLESS LOT.

This is a tough place.

The manager of one of the canneries says if there is any place on earth where the Salvation Army is needed it is Steveston. Anyone taking a walk through the streets on Saturday night, would easily conclude that the devil had full and undisputed sway. But not so, thank God! At the west end of the town there is

A BAND OF INDIAN SALVATIONISTS

from Fort Simpson, who, assisted by some of the soldiers from Vancouver and Westminster, are doing all they can to advance the kingdom of God. Sunday night they had the joy of seeing one brother kneel at the Cross with tears of repentance streaming down his face, praying to God to pardon him. "HUBERT."

